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such trouble has been experienced. Our venerable poet, William Cullen Bryant, has sung sweetly of the "Old-World Sparrow." He gracefully says:

"We hear the note of a stranger bird,
That ne'er till now in our land was heard.
A winged settler has taken his place
With Teutons and men of the Celtic race.
He has followed their path to our hemisphere;
The Old-World sparrow at last is here.

He meets not here, as beyond the main,
The fowler's snare and the poisoned grain;
But snug-built homes on the friendly tree,
And grubs for his chirping family
Are strewn when the winter fields are drear;
For the Old-World sparrow is welcome here.

* * * * *

The apricot, in the summer ray,
May ripen now on the loaded spray;
And the nectarine on the garden walk
Keep firm its hold on the parent stalk;
And the plum its fragrant fruitage rear;
For the Old-World sparrow, their friend, is here.

follow. The flight of these water-fowl has inspired Bryant to write a beautiful poem, from which we quote:

"Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of muddy lake, or marge of river wide;
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean tide?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along the pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost."

In the golden, hazy fall of the year, when these birds of passage head their way toward the south, we know that the earth is gradually turning away from the face of the sun, and that Nature is preparing for her long winter sleep. Sometimes a flock of wild geese lingers too long in the woods of Canada, or about the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, and in attempting to fly over New England they get caught in a frozen rain-storm, which loads their wings with ice, causing them to light in some field of stubble. Then there is fun among the farmers and their boys,

ANGELICA KAUFMANN.

GOETHE was in Rome. He was in the prime of life, at the pinnacle of literary fame; already "Goetz von Berlichingen," "Werther," and other works, had made his name known all over Europe; from all quarters, and in all civilized languages he received the most flattering letters. In his letters from Rome, at that time, may be found many well-known names, such as Tischbein, Angelica Kaufmann, Zucchi, Volpato, and many others. It was a beautiful circle, affording marvelous opportunities to men of genius, and no one knew better how to turn them to account than Goethe.

It was in the autumn of 1787. A wealthy English art dealer, named Jenkins, had rented, near Castel Gandolfo, the summer residence of the Pope, a large building, the former seat of the General of the Jesuits, and had invited all the *savants* and artists that had assembled in Rome to pass several weeks during the hot weather at his house. The poet, it is true, had determined not to form any new intimacies, and, still



FLIGHT OF WILD GESE.—MOYNET.

The pest of gardens, the little Turk,
Who signs with the crescent his wicked work,
And causes the half-grown fruit to fall,
Shall be seized and swallowed, in spite of all
His sly devices of cunning and fear;
For the Old-World sparrow, his foe, is here.

And the army-worm and the Hessian-fly,
And the dreaded canker-worm shall die;
And the thrip, and slug, and fruit-moth seek
In vain to escape that busy beak;
And fairer harvests shall crown the year;
For the Old-World sparrow at last is here."

Turning from the domesticated ducks of Europe to the wild geese of America, our artist has given us a beautiful and not uncommon scene at this season of the year—the flight of the brant goose, as he migrates from the north to the south. This bird, which has its home upon the western shore of the Atlantic, is nearly identical with the barnacle goose of Europe, which lives on the eastern shore of the world of waters. The brant geese feed upon the same food swans feed upon—the grass found floating on the top of the water. Early in the spring they fly north, passing over New England and the region of the great lakes. Their flight is always looked for with much interest, as mild and warm weather is sure to

for they have only to take clubs and beat the unfortunate half-frozen birds upon the head, while they go staggering about the field, as if intoxicated, uttering pitiful cries. When no misfortune befalls them, they spend the night upon some beautiful and secluded sheet of water, rising into the sky with the early morning sun as it struggles to show its face through the bewitching tracery of the mists. Such a morning do we see in the illustration; the lake surrounded with graceful elm trees; the morning mists, frightened like witches at day-break; while a deserted cabin has been placed upon the shore of the water to add to the desolateness of the scene. Such bits of water may be found in the lake regions of Maine, Central New York, in Ohio, or almost any of the Middle and Western States. The log-house, which has been the birth-place of so many of our great men, will eventually become a tradition, for it is rapidly disappearing from the United States, save in those inaccessible mountain districts where trees are more easily obtained than lumber or stones. But whatever may become of log-houses, the cabin door in America is more honored than the portal of any palace, for from such humble dwellings have come many of the greatest men this nation ever produced.

less, to enter into tender relations that might divert him from his main purposes. He knew from experience that his heart was only too susceptible; from former struggles he had not emerged without wounds.

Shortly after him a young Roman girl arrived with her mother at the country-seat. She was a grave, majestic beauty, of dusky complexion, with brown hair and brown eyes, a true daughter of the south, proud and reserved. At Castel Gandolfo he could not avoid her, and an intimacy sprang up between them. She made him acquainted with a female friend of hers, a young lady from Milan, the sister of one of Mr. Jenkins's clerks, endowed with widely different qualities, but equally beautiful. Forced to come to a decision, his heart told him that it belonged to the beautiful young lady from Milan.

Their intimacy increased as the young girl became his pupil in the English language, and this brought them more frequently together. The company grew larger, and his fair friend Angelica Kaufmann, the wife of the painter Zucchi, arrived also. She was one of his most valued friends—the amiable woman and gifted *artiste* had won the respect and confidence of the poet. Together they had become absorbed in the enjoyment of the Roman art-treasures; she was

an ardent admirer of his poetical creations, and he of her artistic achievements. The intelligent, sharp-witted lady was not long in discovering the true state of affairs. She had no doubt that her friend's heart had been captivated, although he tried to deceive her keen eyes by feigned indifference and equanimity.

The same day on which she had made this discovery at the dinner-table, brought about the decision for Goethe. The company sat in a pavilion, absorbed in the contemplation of the glorious sunset—Goethe close to the window, the older ladies in a half-circle around him. While his delight rendered him silent, his neighbors were engaged in an animated conversation, and as they surrounded him, he could not help listening to what they said. They were talking about that inexhaustible subject—a bridal subject; they praised the happy prospects of the young couple, the noble qualities of the bridegroom, and the beauty of the bride. When the sun had sunk into the sea, Goethe, turning to the ladies, said that, inasmuch as he had heard so many encomiums of the bride, he would like to know who the noble girl was. Depict his dismay when the name of his beloved pupil from Milan fell from the lips of his neighbors. Under pretext of indisposition he hastened into the open air, that he might be alone.

Everything was clear to him now. What he had taken for a serious attachment had been only an innocent entrance upon a profitable and pleasant intercourse. What Goethe himself writes about this *dénouement* of his love tragedy does not show whether his heart was seriously affected or whether it was nothing but wounded vanity and pride. It was a severe defeat for him, and the pains which he had hitherto caused to others, he now had to feel himself. But, be this as it may, he became no Werther; he soon overcame his violent agitation by assiduous application to his studies, and by the contemplation of the magnificent country. He sought seclusion, and so well did he succeed in preserving his equanimity, even when brought in contact with the beloved girl, that he deceived the whole company, although he remained with them till the appointed day. But from his writings it is evident that, during his lonely walks, he had to fight hard with his own heart before he issued victorious from the struggle. He succeeded in deceiving all but the eyes of his gifted friend Angelica. She knew what he was suffering, and did not forsake him. She prevailed on him to open his wounded heart to her. "What good does all my fame do to me? What benefit do I derive from all my successes? I am, after all, but a poor, miserable man; for, wherever my

heart seeks food, I have been unfortunate. Margaret played with me as with a child; Kate's love I forfeited by my whimsical egotism, and why I did not take Frederica to my heart I do not know myself. In this instance, when I was in love in dead earnest, and meant to do what is right, I bestowed my affections upon the affianced bride of another man, and it remains unreciprocated. What good does it do me to stand in my elevated position if I am left alone? Woe to me to be deprived of a heart that is mine, and that feels and suffers with me!" Such complaints Angelica frequently heard from the lips of her friend in the days of his struggle. She had the right sort of consolation for him. She took him kindly by the hand, and led him to a veiled picture. She drew

We went to London; I was overwhelmed with orders of the most honorable kind, and painted almost all the prominent members of the highest nobility, and even the royal family. The Royal Academy elected me its member. It was the most glorious and beautiful period of my life; I reveled in my good fortune. One day we were with many acquaintances at the country-seat of a noble lord. We played *tableaux vivants*, and I represented a young girl in a vineyard, as you see me on the picture, with a wreath of vines on my head. My tasteful costume was universally applauded—I, myself, was pleased with it, and painted the next day this portrait, with the aid of a looking-glass, in memory of that happy time. Among the guests was a young English painter of excel-

lent family and very rich. He fell in love with me, and soon afterward offered me his hand. I rejected it; I could not love him—he was not the ideal of my dreams. I was an eccentric, inexperienced, vain girl—to choose a husband on prudential grounds was repugnant to me. I had done right, however, for he was a bad man. He swore to revenge himself upon me in a terrible manner. What did the villain do? He picked up a low fellow from the dregs of society, and himself instructed him in the manners of the upper classes, giving him also lessons in the arts of seduction. The fellow had been a footman of the Swedish Count von Horn. The money of his protector procured him false papers, and under the name of a Count von Horn he obtained access to the refined circles of London society in which we moved. To be brief, the villain was handsome—his protestations of love, his insinuating manners, won my inexperienced, girlish heart. He proposed marriage to



ANGELICA KAUFMANN.

the curtain back: a young girl, crowned with a wreath of vines, smiled down on him from the canvas, as delicate and enchanting as the gifted *artiste* painted all her figures.

"Do you know those features, dear friend?" she asked.

"I think," replied Goethe, "it is your portrait, painted by your own hand. How strange that you have never yet shown it to me!"

The two sat down on the balcony of the house, which afforded a magnificent view of the scenery of the Lake of Albano, and Angelica commenced as follows:

"The picture you see is my portrait, painted by my own hand in the year 1767. It was a terrible year for me; who can see that in the smiling picture? I had studied art for years in Italy with my excellent father, and all sorts of distinctions were showered upon me.

me, and I followed him to the altar. A few days afterward the gross imposition was brought to light—my rejected suitor himself published my disgrace. A divorce was obtained; we got rid of him by giving him £300. I was free, but—heart-broken. I believed my grief would kill me. And yet I survived the catastrophe. Religion consoled me. I live now as the happy wife of a true man.

"Dear friend! Do you know now why I showed you, to-day, the picture? Let me tell you: Life often adorns our head with a wreath at the very moment when it aims a deadly blow at our heart. You have experienced that, too; your head wears imperishable crowns of honor, and your heart bleeds! We must bow to the hand that smites us; but we must not allow fate to crush us. What I, a feeble woman, was able to bear, will not be too heavy for you. Go to work, and your heart will recover from the blow."